

Romance languages

By HENRY S. WHITEHEAD.  
THE younger ones say he's a Prune.  
His legs are bowed, his back is bent,  
His bald spot makes a demilune;  
"You'd never guess that his descent is from that Conquistador line  
That hung the New World's mission bells,  
That conquered leagues of stormy brine  
And ruled the world from caravels.  
He rings his change on tortured verbs  
This Don Quixote, flicking specks of chalk from clothes that smell of herbs—  
"An 's' dropped out—the circumflex—  
"Mort," not "mouru," that's not the same,  
"Mourus," young ladeez, codfish are—  
My name in full you wish?—Don Jaime  
Valdez y Cunha Salazar!"  
From week to week his grind goes on,  
This noble grandson of The Cid;  
It's years since he's seen Barcelona—  
The teachers call him "katydid"—  
He takes a little walk each day  
With gloves and stick, in sun or rain,  
From time to time they hear him say  
Some day he's going back to Spain!

A Youth Who Felt He Was a Grown-up

THE HARP OF LIFE. By J. Hartley Manners. George H. Doran Company.  
R. MANNERS'S three act play justifies itself as a literary, or "closet" drama as well as it has demonstrated its effectiveness on the actual stage. It reads well; which is more than can be said of a great many fairly playable dramas. Its theme is the very ancient one of the conflict between a mother and a predatory lady for the possession of a young man's love, but it is thoroughly modern in setting and in conception. The presentation of the nineteen-year-old youth, who imagines himself much older than he is, is especially accurate. The mother, also, is a keenly analyzed psychological study, adequately given in terms of action.  
However, the courtesan is the central figure, dramatically—and one's interest and sympathy really remain with her, even aside from her heroic sacrifice—but here one is not quite so sure of the accuracy of Mr. Manners's psychology at all points. But she is a striking figure, a genuine "creation" in individuality.  
W. L. George, author of "Ursula Trent," will arrive in America December 28 on the Olympic. It may be assumed that this tour will be a honeymoon trip for the English author feminist.  
George Kibbe Turner's "White Shoulders" (Knopf) is to be produced on the screen by Katharine MacDonald.

Celt Dominates Latin in French Genius

L'Âme Celtique on le Génie de la France à travers les Siècles. Par Edouard Schuré. Paris: Perrin et Cie.  
IT'S a poor cause nowadays that cannot brag of a renaissance.  
The word is in everybody's mouth. The tendency seems to be toward the classic. In the Autumn Salon there was more than one "fauve" (a name we have for the exaggerated type) that managed to make the cap of the academic Ecole des Beaux Arts cover the uncombed hair of revolt.  
After the pause of the armistice, a moment of apathy such as always follows the excitement of war, there was a revival also of the occult. Its interpreters have never won as many followers in France as in America. But in his new book M. Schuré, the author of that admired earlier work, "Grands Initiés," declares that "the science of the occult gives the key not only to the past but also to the future." To this author the war was a lightning flash of revelation. In its glare he seized the meaning of all the history of France.  
"In the beginning was the Word and the Word was God." In the beginning of France was the Celtic soul, and the Celtic soul is the essential principle of French being. "Unconquerable genius of expansion, of enthusiasm and of sympathy; esthetic, moral, religious, philosophic and social aspiration toward the heroic and a free individuality—thus he defines it. And he goes on to discriminate between Celtic and Latin elements, declaring that for 2,000 years there has been a "strife unceasing" between these two in France.  
The Latin spirit is "the sovereign genius of discipline and of organization, but also of narrowness and mutilation as well." This lorded it over the Celts for a time, but their ancient flame was rekindled in Ireland and in the west of England and in Brittany. As Michelet said, "they resisted 800



In Which We Discuss the Hazardous Choosing of Books at Christmas, and Make an Announcement Concerning a Distant Cousin of Penrod in Harlem.

By DONALD ADAMS.  
WE don't suppose anybody will read the papers to-day anyway. We suspect that you will all be too busy erecting railroad terminals and trying to find out why the mechanical giraffe doesn't stretch his neck when you wind him up. However, some of you may pick up one of the books on the Christmas table and wonder why on earth it was chosen for you. We can't tell you why, but we can tell you how.  
Scene—Any book store.  
Time—Yesterday.  
There is no need for us to write the dialogue. You know yourself what happened there just as well as we do. Like as not you were there yourself, having decided a little while before that you simply must get Aunt Mehitabel something, and that "a book always makes a good present." So you shouldered in, and if you are one of those folk who are thrice accursed at Christmas time because they strive to make each gift "appropriate" to the last shade and intonation you feverishly thumbed many leaves and read the blurbs on countless book covers.  
And if you are one of the others to whom a gift is a package done up in flimsy white paper with a red ribbon around it, in that case you probably put your trust in the book clerk and offered him this slender reed to lean upon: "I want a book for an elderly aunt who is terribly fond of reading," with the result we hinted at in our first paragraph.  
But we are ready to admit, if pressed hard enough, that Christmas sometimes brings the book one wants most. Last year, we remember, we were given Wells's "Outline," and that was a royal gift. Perhaps you are so fortunate as to find among the neckties and handkerchiefs this morning Hendrik van Loon's "The Story of Mankind."  
When we first opened Van Loon's book we looked at every picture in it before we read a word of text, with the exception of the paragraph or two under a drawing of a mountain and a bird with which the story opens: "High up in the north, in the land called Svithjod, there stands a rock. It is a hundred miles high and a hundred miles wide. Once every thousand years a little bird comes to this rock to sharpen its beak."  
"When the rock has thus been worn away, then a single day of eternity will have gone by."  
We were halted by a drawing intended to illustrate the social structure of the Greek city state. Through the center of the picture is drawn a horizontal line. Above it are shown the Greek freemen who gave us the Greek civilization, walking about in the sunshine, discussing philosophy, years by force of arms and a thousand years by faith.  
A living foundation, this faith penetrated the very soil of France. And from time to time, cracking the Roman crust, it breaks forth in great personalities, great soldiers, poets or philosophers.  
Chivalry and the Round Table romances inspired the Gallic and Breton legends; the Renaissance added an impetus toward Greece rather than Rome. Indeed the very word "Romanticism" gives a false impression. The Neo-Celtic revival of the moment is not a mere result of archeological curiosity but "an impulse toward psychic restoration and national synthesis," by which the young writers of France are seeking light and power.  
M. Schuré reinforces the exposition of his thesis with a poetic allegory, "The Avatars and the Druids." In the manner of Balzac's "Seraphita," Gwinfe, the Celtic sybil, recounts her existence after falling from heaven with Lucifer—did you know that Lucifer took a lady with him on that famous descent? It seems that she went through successive reincarnations, thus becoming acquainted with all the religions of mankind, even to Christianity, in which she lost herself, a final sacrifice.  
The epilogue is a dream of the author's. Lucifer and Gwinfe, borne by "two swift stars, enter the temple of Divine Remembrance for a strange communion rite, rising at last in a spiral flight of luminous souls toward the sun—the torch of Lucifer into the star of Christ." A symbol, doubtless, of the mission of France, daughter of the Celts and heir of ancient civilizations, guide of the peoples through her own disciplines, her transformations, her wanderings and her sorrows, toward a nobler ideal.  
But however seductive this view and however true some of M. Schuré's words, we are bound to protest that although the Celtic spirit seemed to have an influence upon the Middle Ages, it had little place in the Renaissance, which began in Italy with a group of refugees, Byzantine Hellenists driven from home by the Turks. The movement penetrated France in the train of wandering warriors.  
As for Romanticism, which M. Schuré calls the working of Celtic yeast in French bread, it is true Chateaubriand was a Breton. But before Chateaubriand came André Chénier—Greek on his mother's side—the German Goethe and the mighty Shakespeare, who was neither Irish nor Gallic but thoroughly English. Moreover, those fathers of the Revolution, the encyclopedists, argued for cold reason, to which Britanny offered a desperate resistance.



China Didn't Hear It.

WE turned to the chapter on "The American Revolution," wondering if we would find there any rough handling of the Pollyanna conceptions of the winning of independence with which school books misinform each new generation of children.  
And we did. The child who is studying American history is likely to gain a notion that the whole world stood round with bated breath while we fought the Revolution. That is one bubble Mr. van Loon punctures, though he puts in place of it a picture which the school book histories rarely give.  
"According to the poet," he says, "the shot which opened the battle of Lexington was heard 'round the world.' That was a bit of an exaggeration. The Chinese and the Japanese and the Russians (not to speak of the Australians, who had just been rediscovered by Capt. Cook, who they had killed for his trouble), never heard of it at all. But it carried across the Atlantic Ocean. It landed in the powder house of European discontent and in France it caused an explosion which rocked the entire Continent from Petrograd to Madrid and buried the representatives of the old statecraft and the old diplomacy under several tons of democratic bricks."  
"The Gang," PENROD, and the average small town youngster, not to mention the country boy, live for us in many books. But until we read "The Gang" (Henry Holt), by Joseph Anthony, we had never encountered, in recognizable form, the life of the average New York kid who plays in the street, and belongs to the gang on his block.  
Mr. Anthony's book opens up virgin territory, and does it well. His kids are Harlem kids, and their gang is known as the "Twennys"—they live on 120th street. The Park Avenue, led by Red McCarthy, are dreaded enemies, and there is a spirited chapter dealing with an ashcan cover fight between the two.  
The streets have developed an elaborate diplomatic code and a set of gang ethics which Mr. Anthony makes use of with a full sense of their humor. When one member of the gang is no longer on speaking terms with another he scorns to communicate directly, and sends insulting messages through a smaller boy, using the third person: "He says tell'm—"  
The Gang has chiefly to do, has such a rupture with "Bandy" Hartenstein, and they carry the battle into the reading class in grammar school. Each has a part in "Julius Caesar" to read, and they preface each speech in the Brutus-Cassius quarrel scene with "tell'm."  
"Tell 'im I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman!"  
John Galsworthy, we remember, once wrote a piece called the "Reverie



Jobs Are Scarce in England

Are We Savages?  
IT is our opinion that the Christmas season is a poor time in which to bring out a book which makes a plea for vegetarianism. It's a great deal easier to think of subsisting on green stuff during the summer, and we are afraid that the ideas set forth in Henry S. Salt's "Seventy Years Among Savages" (Seltzer) will fall upon rocky soil.  
Mr. Salt, who is an Englishman, believes his countrymen will not be able to call themselves civilized until they have lost their fondness for beef and mutton, and that they are no better than savages as long as they continue to ride to hounds after Reynard.  
We had always thought that Isaac Walton, who was a linen draper when he wasn't fishing, was one of the gentlest souls that ever handled a yardstick or cast a fly, but we find to our dismay that Mr. Salt considers him a Hun!  
John Galsworthy, we remember, once wrote a piece called the "Reverie of a Sportsman," in which the sportsman tells of falling asleep while bird shooting on the moors and of being confronted in his dreams by all the animals he had ever killed, but we are sure Galsworthy has never rebuked the fisherman.  
If Mr. Salt's way of life should ever come to be that of all of us, we suppose that Christmas dinners will have to be supplemented by reading one of those pages from Dickens—you know the pages we mean, and the fragrant steaming aroma that rises from them. We detect a slight moistening of our tongue already.  
Picture in your mind for a moment a story that might be called "The Vegetarian's Christmas." There's something melancholy about that title. It connects in our mind, quite absurdly, with "The Grammarian's Funeral." For the life of us we cannot see a ruddy, smiling face in that picture. We have a sense of something dank and draggly, like seaweed. No, Mr. Salt, not yet, not yet. Maybe we are barbaric, but we like to be cheerful.  
best possible agreements for the various industries and be sure that those agreements will be kept without so much troublesome pressure from the union members who have not had the opportunity to think the whole thing through. It is unthinkable that Britain should ever go back to an industry in which the individual employer competes with other employers of the country, each fighting out with his own workers the question of wages, hours, conditions, &c. Stronger unions rather than fewer unions is what British industry needs."  
National interdependence is forcibly brought home by the author. "The cancelled automobile orders from Great Britain," he says, "brought the first 'lay-offs' for America's workers in Detroit and Cleveland in the fall of 1920. Those cancellations followed directly upon the lowered value of the pound sterling. This in turn was one direct result of the unhappiness of my miner friends in South Wales. Every country is now on the watch against the admittance of the Bolshevik agitator. But he does no harm unless he finds an audience among great groups of listeners who are 'fair on 'appy,' as in the Rhonda mining town. The roof of Great Britain cannot suffer the cracks and strains produced by those revolutionary songs of my miner friends on the bottom without threatening the jobs of American workers. And nothing threatens the normal current of men's thinking and convictions so much as the threatening of their jobs. No one knows at this moment how many months of unemployment in America will be required before millions of men may get into that same dangerous 'fed up' mood. In every part of the world the workers here must have consumers there. For ourselves it is said that our productive capacities, increased as they have been by the war, cannot be fully occupied unless fully 20 per cent. of our output is exported. 'British Strike's End Helps Cotton Here, Final Prices Show Gain of 19-31 Points,' according to a Wall Street headline of June 29."  
It would be desirable, as Mr. Williams intimates, to find out the feelings of the workers of some continental country. Germany would undoubtedly be a fruitful field for an impartial investigator, as well as Italy, France and Spain, in the order mentioned. If Mr. Williams could bring back as vivid and detailed an account of the labor situation in any or all of these countries as he has given in the present volume it would be indeed worth while.  
AARON WYN.  
Mr. Horace Liveright, president of Boni & Liveright, sailed for London on Tuesday, December 13. Among other missions of more or less importance, is his desire to inquire of Miss Rose Macaulay, author of "Dangerous Ages" and "Petterism," whether or not she considers his age dangerous. He is seriously considering the advisability of being psychoanalyzed by her. Another of his missions is the gathering of material for an English diary like Clare Sheridan's American one.



Fraser's Designs Glorify Old Play

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. Written by Mr. Gay. To which is Prefixed the Music to Each Song. Doubleday, Page & Co.  
JOHN GAY had his share of appreciation in his own day, and now he is read at least in the eighteenth century literature courses. The text in this edition is taken from that of 1765.  
But the emphasis here is that of other arts than poetry. For those who were lucky enough to see the recent revival in London or New York, text, pictures and music in this finely executed volume will call up the spectacle shown in the theatre, the motion and voices of the living actors.  
In one aspect the book is a masterpiece. The Chinese and the Japanese and the Russians (not to speak of the Australians, who had just been rediscovered by Capt. Cook, who they had killed for his trouble), never heard of it at all. But it carried across the Atlantic Ocean. It landed in the powder house of European discontent and in France it caused an explosion which rocked the entire Continent from Petrograd to Madrid and buried the representatives of the old statecraft and the old diplomacy under several tons of democratic bricks."  
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Illustrated Classics For Young Readers

LOUIS RHEAD ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS: Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare; Grimm's Fairy Tales; Arabian Nights; Gulliver; Hans Andersen; Robin Hood; Robinson Crusoe; Swiss Family Robinson; Kidnapped; Tom Brown's School Days. (Reissued.) Harper & Brothers.  
THIS is the kind of books that should never be allowed to go out of print. Children are sure to read them in some form or other. And if these beautiful volumes are put in their hands, along with the story, they will get impressions from the proportions of the type page and from the pictures that will help to create standards. Everything about the series is admirable—paper, color printing and type, as well as forewords, where there are any.  
In his introduction to "Swiss Family Robinson," Howells remarks that if it had not been for De Foe this tale might not have been written. But he adds:  
"What puts this book before the greater book that went before it is the author's art of telling something fresh on every page, or rather, freshly presenting something. For him no day passes without its difficulty overcome, its danger escaped, its adventure happily ended. . . . Almost every wild animal that can be tamed or that ought to be killed is found in it; that every beautiful or eatable or companionable bird nests there; that every strange or familiar fruit and vegetable grows on the trees or above or under the ground. . . . The father leads the boys in their adventures and enterprises; the mother welcomes them home and spreads the table with rich and wholesome abundance. For the honest-hearted, home-loving boy, it is like being under his own roof, with a boundless range of field, forest and sea, and every harmless delight of them."  
The popularity of A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel, "If Winter Comes," now in its seventeenth printing (182d thousand), has so stimulated interest in this English author's earlier novels that his American publishers have been compelled to reprint twice his first book of fiction, "Once Aboard the Lugger," originally published in 1908, and also "The Happy Warrior," brought out in 1912. They have also just reprinted "The Clean Heart," issued in 1914.  
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\$2.00. At any bookshop or from E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.



THE NOVELS OF A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

"Hutchinson has written four novels and I heartily recommend them all."  
—William Lyon Phelps, in the New York Times.  
1. IF WINTER COMES. 23rd Thousand  
The great novel of the year. "No review, no amount of comment or praise can reveal the warm humanity of this story."—Edwin Francis Edgett in The Boston Transcript.  
2. ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER. Tenth Printing  
"One of the merriest books ever written."—Heywood Brown in The New York World.  
3. THE HAPPY WARRIOR. Thirteenth Printing  
"Shows the touch of a master hand."—The New York Times.  
4. THE CLEAN HEART. Fourth Printing  
"Power and strength and humor and human nature are here."—The New York Evening Sun.  
If your Christmas Gifts include two or more copies of IF WINTER COMES, exchange the duplicates for other Hutchinson novels.  
Uniform Edition. \$2.00 each at all Booksellers  
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